









Digitized by the Internet Archive  
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An Dedication  
The

Greenbook

1967

- an anthology of the  
creative writings of  
the Freshman Rhetoric  
Classes

The

Greenbook

1907

an outline of the  
conception of the  
the Greenbook  
class

# In Dedication



An Dedication

12



# To A Man

*who has guided us through our first year of  
college as our class advisor,*

*who has helped us to better understand  
ourselves and others as our psychology  
professor during the January course, and*

*who has set an example of living as a devoted  
Christian,*

*the Class of 1970 takes great pleasure in dedicating*

*the 1967 GREENBOOK*

*to*

# Professor Cecil R. Paul

Dr. A. M. A. 1870

Received of the Treasurer of the  
Board of Education the sum of  
Twenty Dollars for the year  
ending June 30, 1870.  
This receipt is valid for the purpose  
of the Treasurer's report.  
Witness my hand and seal this  
1st day of July, 1870.  
The Board of Education.

Prof. Geo. C. A. 1870

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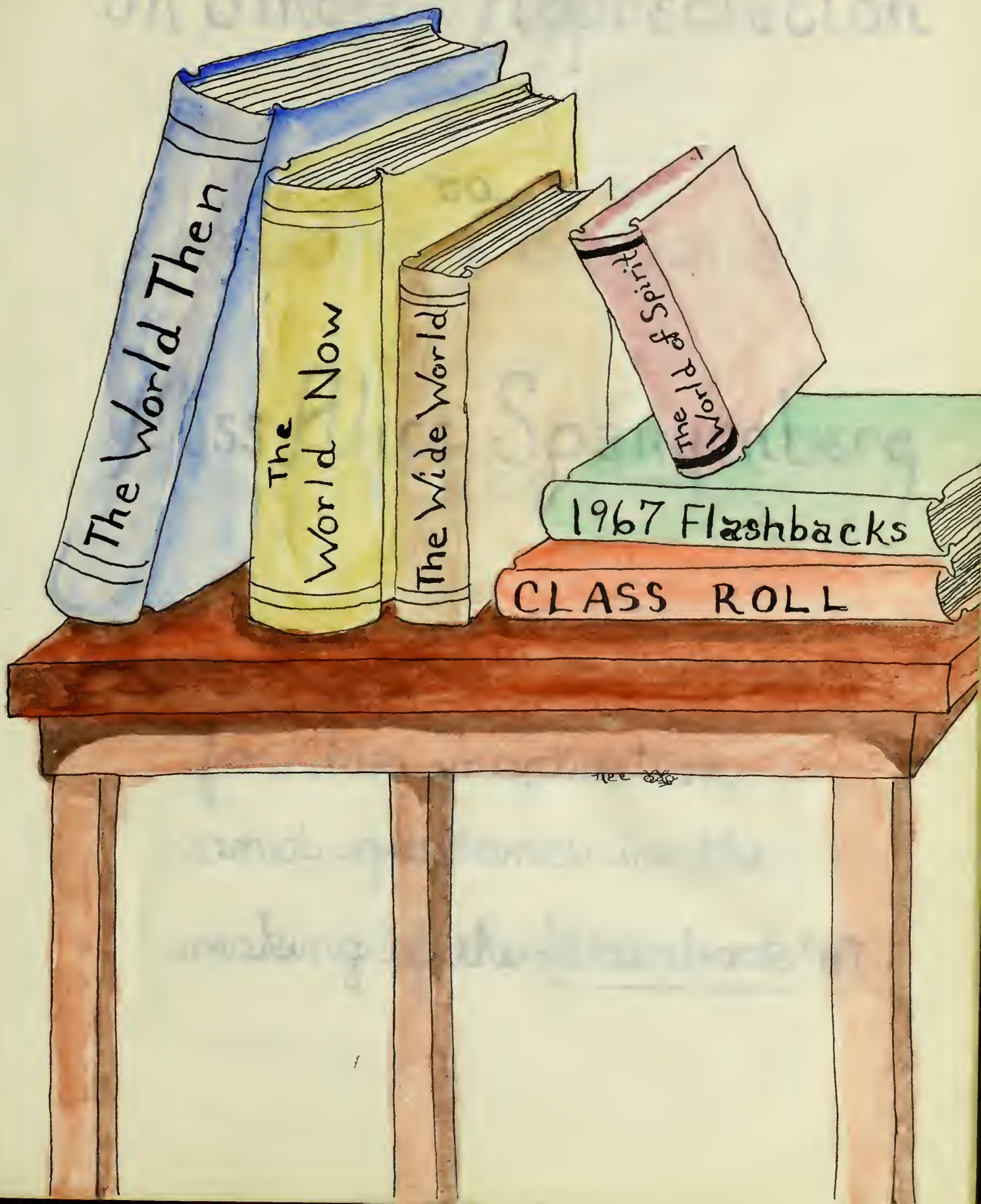


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In Sincere Appreciation

to

Miss Alice Spangenberg

for her inspiration  
and guidance in the  
making of the Greenbook '67



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ot

Miss Alice Spender

for her invitation  
at my sanatorium in the  
morning of the Thursday



Many Thanks  
to  
Mr. John MacDonald  
of the  
Bay State Bindery

for his assistance and  
cooperation in making  
possible the '67 Greenbook

May 1900

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# Editorial

Tennyson once wrote, "I am a part of all I have met." As freshmen entering Eastern Nazarene College, we brought with us a variety of backgrounds with a variety of experiences. Through those first bewildering days of registering, attending classes, and meeting other freshmen, we were affected by those backgrounds. Each one of us reacted to our new environment in the light of past experiences, the experiences of "The World Then."

But as the year has progressed and we have become engrossed in the activities of the campus, our lives have taken on new meanings. We have broadened our horizons by talking with people possessing different, thought-provoking ideas. We have studied many concepts that have helped us to understand better ourselves and others. And we have made friendships that will last throughout years to come. Gradually the life we left at home has been overshadowed by present experiences, the experiences of "The World Now."

Also during the year we have become acquainted with students from abroad and with students who have traveled outside of the United States. From them we have gained valuable knowledge, knowledge that will aid in future communication with others. We have also learned of poverty and courage beyond our understanding. Because of our contact with these foreign students, we have broadened our experiences with "The Wide World."

But more important, we have grown in our religious experience. With the help of Christian friends and campus revivals we have gained a more vital relationship with Christ. Our prayers have been answered and our faith has been strengthened. As a result, we have become more involved



in "The World of Spirit."

So as this, our freshman year, approaches its end, we can look back upon it and see that we have changed because of our new experiences here at college. We have indeed become part of all we have met.

Barbara R. Baker

Janice E. Hall





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# The World Then



1862



# Childhood

I spent my childhood in Groton, Connecticut. The beautiful sights of my boyhood I have never forgotten.

At the end of our street was a forest which we were forbidden to enter. It was a magnificent stand of virgin black pine and beech. Wild azaleas of many hues bordered the path that led down into the interior. On one occasion I started down this path. I had gone but a few steps when the chirps and squeaks of the forest suddenly stopped as if the tiny creatures that lived there were daring me to enter their dark world. As I backed out of the forbidden place I made a promise that some day I would return to the forest and discover its dark secrets.

The path that led to school went through an apple orchard filled with pink and white blossoms in season and the heady perfume of their nectar. A few months hence we would tip-toe through this same orchard, our shirts loaded with the crisp, tart, juicy apples that snapped when we bit into them and spurted juice into the air and down our chins.

Emerging from the orchard we came abruptly to a stream bubbling from the deep forest along a bed of yellow gravel. Across the narrow stream was an enormous flat rock, that a little boy could rock by shifting his weight back and forth. I used to do just this and at the same time look far up the stream where the water first came into view from behind a huge boulder. Along the stream near the water were tiny translucent bright green ferns delicate in detail with feathery edges outlined against the yellow gravel of the

bound 175



stream bed. Far back from the stream were the larger dark green ferns, three feet tall with tiny hairs covering the stem and leaf. In summer we would pull up these ferns and nibble the reddish meat at the base of the stalk. Coarse yellow-green moss covered the drier rocks and dark green velvety moss clung to the wet ones nearer the stream. At the water's edge were long slender moss-like plants dipping their fronds into the crystal water. The stream itself glided quietly through this wonderland until all at once as though with a purpose it swirled around and around in a giant vortex, then disappeared under the rock on which I was standing.

A short distance from the stream bordering a stone wall was a patch of wild strawberries as sweet as sugar and as tiny as the end of a child's finger.

When the weather grew cold and the leaves fell from the trees, we would climb into the 1929 Nash touring car and drive down to the cider mill. When we were within half a mile of the mill we could smell the apples being crushed. Next we could see the giant crab-apple tree, its gnarled branches completely overhanging the narrow dirt road and dwarfing the row of three shiny red shacks that comprised the cider mill. Dad would park the car in front of the stand and we would all get out and smell the apples. There were Macintosh, Baldwin and Winesap in rows of bushels and rows of pecks, and in front on the ground was a long row of gallon jugs filled with sweet, tangy, mellow, amber cider with a thousand tiny bubbles to mark the top.

All the way home the snapping of apples could be heard from the back seat. Dad used to put a peck of apples there to get us kids into the car. When we reached home the peck basket had nothing



in it but cores and seeds.

After the second World War when I returned from the service my first thought was to visit Connecticut. I rented a car at New London and drove to Groton. I parked the car on the dirt road at the end of our street and retraced my steps to school.

The orchard was no longer there. It was replaced by a housing project. In all there were probably forty houses. They were small and of exactly the same floor plan. Their colors were different, there was a fence here and there, but they all looked exactly alike.

I proceeded to the balancing rock and looked long into the crystal water. I took off my shoes and dug the yellow gravel with my toes.

I walked back to the car and went in search of the cider mill. Where it had once been was a strip of asphalt eighty feet wide stretching as straight as an arrow and as far as the eye could see. Somewhere along this superhighway had been a cider mill, but not the slightest trace of it remained.

Recently I visited Groton again. I couldn't get out of there fast enough! The place was crowded! There were shopping centers everywhere!

Where the balancing rock had been was a five foot layer of coarse gravel. The brook was imprisoned in a reinforced concrete pipe of three foot diameter, one end of which extended into the forest, the other end of which emerged to spill its rust brown water into the Connecticut River half a mile away. Trucks were bringing gravel. While one bulldozer spread the gravel over the exposed pipe, another bulldozer was cutting its way relentlessly through the forest,

The first thing I noticed when I stepped out of the car was the cold, crisp air. It felt like a fresh blanket after a long, hot summer. I took a deep breath, savoring the scent of pine and the distant sound of water. The landscape was breathtaking, a vast expanse of green fields stretching towards a range of jagged mountains under a clear blue sky.

As I walked along the path, I noticed the way the sunlight filtered through the trees, creating a dappled pattern on the ground. The air was so clean, so pure, that it felt like I had been transported to a different world. I could hear the soft rustle of leaves and the gentle hum of insects, a symphony of nature that I had never fully appreciated before.

The path led me to a small, tranquil lake, its surface like a mirror reflecting the surrounding beauty. I sat on the grassy bank, watching the gentle ripples as a small boat drifted across. The water was so still, so calm, that it felt like time had stopped. I closed my eyes, letting the peace wash over me, and for a moment, I was truly at home.

The journey had been long and tiring, but in that moment, I realized that the greatest adventures are often the simplest ones. It was the beauty of the world around me, the peace of the water, and the quiet solitude that had brought me here. I smiled, knowing that I had found exactly what I needed.



turning up reddish-brown sand and opening up stretches of shallow reddish-brown water.

In front of the bulldozer stood the weeping birch with its pendant-like strings of yellow and green beads draped over its limbs. At its feet were delicate azaleas in colors of white, lavender, orange and scarlet. On the other side was mud, rocks, bulldozer tracks kicked up by this mechanical monster, and delicate azaleas crushed by its heavy foot.

JOHN PETERS

TIME

Today makes a lamb of yesterday.  
Danger is reality everywhere.  
The constant strife will end you say?  
Let me live forever so I'll be there.

Paul B. Smith





# My Bag of Marbles

It was dark and dank in that corner I lovingly cherished as my own. The cold, wet brick seemed to emit a warmth I had never experienced before. Hopefully, I sorted the litter at my feet in search of a piece of discarded bubble gum or a piece of hard candy. My head jerked sharply as I sensed a foreigner violating the tranquility of my domain. It was only a marble rattling noisily across the gravel in the schoolyard, but such a beautiful marble I had never seen. It greedily absorbed the rays of the sun, then spewed them out indiscriminately in brilliant hues of blue, green, and yellow. Tenderly, carefully I touched it. Its cool contour filled me with exhilaration and peace.

"Hey, thief, gimme my marble!"

I stared stupidly at the unwieldy form glowering above me. He reclaimed his marble and shoved me hard against the brick wall. Caressing the rough, uneven surface, I fought the belligerent tears. "He wouldn't dare if I had marbles of my own," I sobbed to myself, creeping farther into the solace of my corner where the darkness sympathetically wrapped her cloak about me.

From that moment on I was obsessed with the thought of possessing marbles of my own. Throughout the remainder of the school day I could hardly control my excitement. This thought filled my mind as I skipped toward home. To me "home" was the stench of boiled cabbage and dandelion greens seeping from under the door of Mrs. Tierney's apartment, Mrs. Flynn shaking her dusty rugs from her fourth floor window onto my head, Mr. Puloski screaming at his wife in a drunken





rage. Fearfully I peered around the corner of the building to see if the neighborhood bully was lurking somewhere in the muddy yard littered with empty beer cans.

"Hey, Bugs, who ya hiding from?"

Out of nowhere a rock struck my temple, sending me reeling into the mud. Blindly I ran. Behind the closed door I gulped huge breaths of air, my heart pounding in my breast.

"Mama," I called, "Mama, can I have a dime for a bag of marbles?" The familiar figure approached me from the kitchen drying her hands on a soiled apron. She laid her hand wistfully on my shoulder.

"No, dear. I haven't a dime to give you for marbles. I'm sorry, really I am."

"Mama, oh Mama, I just gotta have it," I sobbed desperately.

For an agonizing moment there was silence. I squeezed my eyes shut until I heard the clink of coins and felt their smooth roundness against my skin.

"Spend it wisely, dear," my mother sighed, hugging me close.

With my marbles I felt that the next day I could abandon the dark corner and burst through the imaginary wall that had concealed me for so long. Suddenly I noticed that spring was truly in its prime. The leaves of the trees were tender green. The birds preened themselves in the giddy breeze. In bright anticipation I scampered to school, my precious marbles clutched tightly in my fists.

Eagerly during recess I sought an opponent for a game of marbles. My head was dizzy with pride as I produced my glittering treasures from my pocket. Boldly I challenged a wary schoolmate. As I warmed a marble tenderly in my hands before placing it on the ground, I realized I loved it with all my soul.





Finally dusk was falling. I stole back to the dark corner. As I sat there the cold wind whipped across my face. Somewhere, I heard my mother calling my name. But I didn't care. All my marbles were gone.

*Nancy Cooter*

IN THE VIEWER'S EYE

Taking the transparent paper of to-be knowledge  
And placing it over the pattern of happen-stance;  
with the pen of what-is, and what-you-are in terms of ink.  
Slowly tracing the lines that never change  
(unless perhaps, the rainstorm of associational destruction  
or never-to-be-reinstated change, wets, and runs the lines;  
while fingers smear and smudge the pattern).  
So when stopped; the paper lies in a state of intricacy.  
To be read as an image picture;  
Creating past, present and lost future  
in the viewer's eye.

The colorful inks create a depth of perception-  
while the blue, or black, offers only one dimension.

The last moment-the last ink in a continuum pen.  
Changes in proportions; altered, interwoven lines;  
New colors; and colors changing other colors.  
An eraser, that only works for pencil marks.

They close your grave; to rats and worms and sembiotic processes  
and coat your *inked* paper with a clear preservative.

*Bill Wheeler*

... I shall have to be very careful ...  
... I shall have to be very careful ...  
... I shall have to be very careful ...

*Handwritten signature*

Y. R. 1907. 10. 10.

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*Handwritten signature*

# The Drive of an Athlete

*In personal competition, the humility of defeat is often more unbearable than any physical pain.*

*The first day of practice was not very promising. As we lined up in front of the cross-country coach, he remarked that if we were to get anywhere with a squad this size, it would take hard training; and if anyone thought that it was going to be anything less than very difficult, he had better leave at that very moment.*

*I need not say that he meant what he said. Never have I witnessed such muscle-stretching, bone-cracking, breath-taking tactics as I witnessed under this trainer of long distance runners. Every day it was the same procedure: one mile warm-up, one hour of hard calisthenics, and ten miles of running. And every day for a week I had trouble negotiating stairways, not to mention the problems involved in trying to tie my shoe laces.*

*The second week was twice as hard, only now it did not hurt anymore. It was apparent to all concerned that gradually the endurance of each individual was building up. Each day he took a few more strides before collapsing under the strain of physical exhaustion.*

*Soon a team took shape. Spirit was high and it was unnecessary to complain about the twelve to fifteen miles of daily practice. Confidence in ourselves began to build up. The fact that there were only a few of us in the running did not matter any longer.*

*The course we ran was a tough two and one-half miles long. Its many hills and plains made it the best endurance course in the league.*





Two hundred yards out from the start was *The Hill*, so named because it was steep and had to be re-assaulted before crossing the finish line. Usually the wind up of this course finished most runners.

By the time our first meet took place, positions on the team were tightly established. In cross-country, the first five men across the finish line for one team are the winners. The struggle was to be among the first five on the team, for only those who scored a prescribed number of points were eligible for athletic awards.

At this time I was the third leading runner. This was a key position because I was far enough behind the leaders to be encouraged to catch up and far enough ahead of the laggards to offer them encouragement. The importance of my job ingrained within me a fierce desire to succeed.

The day of the race arrived. The chilly October breeze tugged at our legs as the gun sounded. Fifty boys sprinted for a chance at the lead. As we approached *The Hill* I was second.

Being bunched together as we were it was not hard to catch a stray foot in your way. Someone caught mine and held on to it, sending me crashing into the ditch. There I lay choking on dirt and hearing what must have been a million footsteps trample past.

I got up coughing and spitting mud. I stumbled back on the track and tried to run. Only then did I realize that I was too injured to move at all. Both legs were bleeding heavily from cuts sustained in the fall. I had dislocated a finger when I smashed against a rock and had pulled a groin muscle. Then I fainted.

It was too much to bear. The pain bothered me not at all but the fact that I could not compete knocked me senseless. I had



The first part of the book is devoted to a general survey of the history of the English language, from its origin to the present time. The second part is devoted to a detailed study of the English language, from its origin to the present time. The third part is devoted to a detailed study of the English language, from its origin to the present time.

trained too long for just this moment and it must be lost now.  
In personal competition, the humility of defeat is often more unbearable than any physical pain. The agony that came from my heart and not my body had forced me into unconsciousness.

*Paul O. Beane*

THANK YOU LORD

Ever grateful I shall be  
For your help in guiding me;  
The serenity upon your face  
Revealed within abiding grace.

A calmness there within your life.  
Compared to mine of bitter strife.  
No selfishness controlled your mind,  
But I was selfish, I was blind.

Then in church, I saw my need.  
I heard you call and I took heed.  
My knees were bent in fervent prayer  
And you swept down and saved me there.

Now I dwell within your grace.  
The grace reflected on your face.  
To you indebted, I'll always be.  
You've done so very much for me.

*Larry Wetzel*



## The Latch

When I was a little boy I used to play with a latch. It was a long, thin, straight piece of wood, and I used to throw it up in the air and catch it with my hand. I used to play with it for hours, and I used to throw it up in the air and catch it with my hand.







# A Scratch

Whenever I worked in the health room of our high school, I was in complete charge of the office. I weighed and measured students, filled in health forms, and dressed many cuts--deep ones as well as mere scrapes. I took care of nosebleeds, stomach aches, and headaches. Yet I was not prepared to tend to a tiny scratch.

One day while bandaging a scraped knee, I said to the unseen person standing behind me, "Just a minute and I'll be with you." I finished dressing the knee and turned to my next patient. Suddenly my head started going around in circles, my knees started knocking together, and my whole body started trembling. I thought to myself, "I can't do it. I simply can't--no, I won't do it! Now calm yourself. If you want to become a nurse, you'll have to do worse things than this at some time in your life." After those terrible moments that seemed like hours to me, I turned again to Juanita and said, "How did you do that?"

"Oh, I just scratched it while I was in gym class."

"Well, I'll fix it for you." Nervously I reached for the iodine. Then with all the strength I could muster, I took Juanita's arm and applied the iodine to the small surface scratch. "What, this can't be! She's just like a white person. Her skin feels just like that of anyone else. Why she's even red under her black skin!" Then with understanding and less nervousness, I placed the bandage on her arm. But this time I held her arm as I had held the arms of others. When I finished, I gave her arm a little pat and said, "There you go."



With grateful eyes, the colored girl thanked me and returned to her gym class. But I could not go on about my work. I sat down and pondered the little incident until 3:30 in the afternoon. Could this really be true? Why, yes, it was true! Regardless of the color of one's skin, the person is just the same underneath. To others this was common knowledge; but to me it was an awakening. I vowed that afternoon to never again think I was better than anyone else because my skin is white.

Then the school nurse came in. When she asked me how everything had gone, I told her, "In five short minutes, I learned a great lesson." And with her questioning eyes upon me, I walked out into the hall, went to my locker, and ran to my waiting bus.

*Peggy Cress*

#### INVITATION

*La fatigue m'invite au chaos des étoiles,  
Et dirige mes pieds aveugles de poète.*

*Gaston Vilaire*

2051 39.0



# Marky

No person can ever be the same after coming into intimate contact with a retarded child. There is a vague metamorphosis that transpires in your attitudes and feelings towards this individual who is inadequately equipped to face life alone. Mark was born when I was only nine years old, but I can remember the subtle change that crept over my emotions in the ensuing years.

The first time I saw Mark he was still quite red and wrinkled from the ordeal of birth, and was blinking rapidly at this vast frontier he had so recently entered. Although I was delighted to have another baby in the house, I was disgruntled when I realized he was destined to become another brother in a principally male household.

Marky grew plump, as babies do, eventually filling out the bright prune-like skin. Always a good baby, he never kicked off his blankets, never cried or whined, but then, he never laughed or smiled. I was obsessed by curiosity whenever I peered through the slats of the crib at this apathetic infant. His large vacant eyes gazed past me, fixing themselves for hours on the ceiling or a single inanimate object.

In the following months the empty eyes and lethargic form became a symbol of shame. Marky had cerebral palsy. My curiosity evolved to what was almost resentment. I began to hate those skinny legs, frog-like from disuse, the huge bobbing head, the ethereal eyes that stared through me, the mouth that drooled uncontrollably all over my clothing, and those delicate groping hands. A kind of burning anger engulfed me when I was made to sacrifice my free time to care for my invalid brother.

Madam

54

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst. in relation to the matter of the 1st inst. and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration. I am, Sir, very respectfully,  
Your obedient servant,  
J. M. Smith

Gradually the anger was replaced by an emotion that I can not quite define. My heart would ache to see his feeble efforts to reach a plaything, or to see his snakelike movements across the floor. For what seemed like hours he would struggle to pull and push his unwieldy body to advance but inches. I restrained any impulse to help, for he had to do it himself.

As the years passed the gap between Marky and the children of his own age grew wider and wider. While other children frolicked on the playgrounds, Marky labored endlessly to reach a sitting position. He fell, frequently bruising and cutting his cumbersome body. In frustration, he would cry out, but he never gave up.

One day as I watched, fascinated by his efforts, he groped for the leg of a chair. Grasping it firmly in his fingers, he strained the taut muscles in his arms to drag his body to it. Apprehensively, I held my breath as he shakily pulled himself up. Uncertainly, he wobbled on his spindly legs. I was overcome by a feeling of pride as I knelt beside him, hugging his misshapen body to me. Startled by my impulsive action, he turned his vacant eyes towards me. Then suddenly he laughed. My eyes filling with happy tears, I sat with him on the floor and together we laughed.

*Nancy Cooter*







# "What Did You Learn Today?"

*The most beautiful things in life have become mine through people, places and experiences in my childhood.*

*Long ago, coins of beauty were slipped into the treasury of my heart and **only** now am I reaping the safely kept riches.*

*Into this mint of memory, bountiful thoughts were dropped by people and places I loved. And now my thoughts are images I see though my eyes are closed; songs I hear though my ears are shut.*

*With new thoughts knocking and knocking at my door this year I have had fears I never knew before. There are assignments, deadlines to meet and decisions to make with never enough hours to complete everything. Hours seem to go on broken wings. Any effort I make to catch up is hushed and brief as though I were trying to catch a falling star.*

*The fears, anxieties and thoughts I have today are useful in realizing the gifts of my childhood. Not until I was away from home and its security, not until I had to think and make decisions for myself did I begin to see my life. The rich experience and thoughts of my childhood are a beautiful jewel. But a jewel if laid too long in a secret and dark place may become only a pinch of dust.*

*The fears I have had this year and will continue to have, have made me realize the relationship with my parents as more than the letters of my name, shape of my hands and color of my eyes.*

*For any value to come out of the experiences I had I must have an opportunity to use and build with them. And my freshman year at college has provided the opportunity for me to use the gifts of my childhood,*

# "The Great Unknown"

There is a vast, unexplored world of knowledge and experience in the human mind. It is a world of possibilities, of discovery, of growth. It is a world that is not yet fully understood, and it is a world that is waiting to be explored.

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to know the beauty in life and to understand myself.

Many times this year I have struggled with an assignment, either given up or finished it only for the sake of saying it was done. And like music I can hear a man's voice, majestic, intensive. I wonder how many days I came home from school anxious to run free from chores, to my friends outside for just one game of hide-and-seek before dinner and darkness. And my grandfather would stop me with one simple, powerful question: "What did you learn in school today?"

How do you answer such a question when school was something to be forgotten until homework? Concentrating on anything but the answer was easy: counting the number of imprinted green leaves on the white oil cloth covering the kitchen table; following the shape of the shiny buckle on his wide suspenders; the campaign button from a much earlier election on his musty, shapeless work hat. But finally the answer would come and I would easily be off to play outside.

I hear my grandfather's voice when assignments seem too difficult and then I must return to my work, do it properly and ask myself what I learned. But more than that; in my heart at midnight, in waking hour after hour I hear his hushed, powerful words and their relation to everything in life.

Perhaps the hardest lesson I had to learn this year was to discipline myself. How much easier it has been in the past to have a parent or another adult tell me how and when to do things. There have been many hours this year when I preferred to do anything but study and when I have remembered a Saturday afternoon brimming with sunlight, friends and games to play.

But I had to stay home and practice my piano lessons; exercise after exercise, scale after scale, broken notes and melodies, scattered



[illegible]



chords. Harried with the sound of the same notes, repeating and repeating the heavy noise, I could not play another note or chord. I slammed my hands clanging to the keyboard. My mother came slowly to the side of the piano watching me as she talked and telling me that I was practicing for my own benefit. As she turned to walk away and her back was to me I wrinkled my face and stuck out my tongue. "Go to your room and think about what you have done. When you are ready to talk about it you may come out."

I was sure my mother had eyes in the back of her head. It always amazed me that she knew when I had done something wrong. Many times as a child I needed punishment, and always the hardest question to answer to my mother and myself was why had I behaved as I did? This lesson has taught me and helped me in self-discipline.

To keep a small sanctuary of peace and prayer within my heart is to keep a place where reason may come and rest. And with reason comes truth and self-knowledge. In this quiet, free place I may see myself in my weaknesses and strengths. Then, it is not so difficult to stay alone and study.

When I am cold, lonely and tired, the places and people I loved come back to me in a flare of crimson fire to warm, hush and heal me. When hours are too still and there seems no way to baffle my thoughts, much too grave and sharp to bear, I need only lift my head and the fragrance of home like the scent of an orchard in the sunlight is borne by the wind of lightly sleeping memories.

There was little I could have seen and heard today had I not been given so much throughout my childhood.

It is as though my soul was a dark ploughed field sown with the seeds of grass and flowers; images and songs I hear today. These



seeds were sown only to break the soil and prepare the field for another sower; a greater sowing, with better seed to be harvested.

Karen Trumbull

THE RETREAT

Down graded ditch great frothing beasts are thrown  
To duck shrill shell's loud burst in their ears,  
Their hollow riders, etched with hollow fears,  
Pound painful spurs to stark-white, bare rib bone.  
The bugle's blaring echoes flaunt the tone  
To every living carcass left that hears,  
And leaves behind the twisted gaping leers  
Of dead and dying faces mashed on stone.  
The battle done, the stillness quickly calls  
The forest's lot of carrion crowded eyes  
To lick and tear and slash the stinking meal  
Far into the night that finally falls.  
Brave braided bones call boldly 'neath pale skies;  
"We prove that human folly is this real."

Paul Beane





# The World Now



The Grand Now



# The Much-Used Telephone Booth

*While walking to town, I approached a phone booth. Its peeling paint was a vivid reminder that it had stood many a day in the hot sun, and its warped boards supporting its sides hinted of many a night spent in a snowdrift. Its glass walls were cracked and broken from rocks thrown by passing cars, and from assaults by little boys thrilling to hear the gentle tinkle of splinters as they fell to the ground.*

*As I pushed open the partially closed door, it groaned on its track. I released the door and its ancient springs closed it with a rusty screech.*

*In front of me the telephone book lay in its prison. It was chained to the wall from which it hung limply. It had suffered many atrocities at the hands of callers with pencils and pens, and people in search of scrap paper.*

*The walls had been partners in suffering. Knives of lovers, pencils and pens of those who would libel, and paint brushes of vandals had all marked and marred its red paint.*

*The telephone was attached to the wall. Its once black coating was now scratched and worn by age. I realize it had sent many calls: calls from the poor who had no phones, calls from little children who had gone on errands but who had lost the shopping list, calls from tired working men telling their wives they would not be home for supper, and calls from secret lovers who whispered in soft tones. But this phone had never received a call from a poor person, from a little child, from a tired man, or from a lonesome lover.*







*Its only ring is the ring of a wrong number.*

*I stepped out of the stagnant air of the interior to the gentle breeze of the afternoon. People rushed past, never noticing the sad little phone booth. But I noticed, and I stepped away from it with a touch of sympathy for this much-used and much-abused telephone booth.*

*Laurence Gerdon*

SAD DISSATISFIED

*Life beckoned, and with a laugh  
Threw me this;  
A shoot of grass  
A sprouting tree  
These, it threw to me.*

*Sad and sorry, I went my way*

*Until one day  
Life beckoned, and with a smile  
Threw me this;  
A blade of grass  
A branching tree  
These, it threw to me.*

*Dissatisfied, I went again*

*The grass is brown  
The tree broken-limbed  
Life has taken them.*

*Bill Wheeler*



# The Loss Is Felt

The long, slow funeral procession had finally arrived at the cemetery. As I stood silently by the solemn black hearse watching the attendants remove the casket, that long, gray flag-draped box with the polished silver rails and hinges that contained the body of my eighteen-year-old cousin, a change came over me. I seemed to become less emotionally involved, as though the funeral meant nothing to me personally.

I became aware of the glaring rays of the afternoon sun scorching the ground and creating shimmering heat waves; aware of the balmy fragrance of recently mown grass and freshly dug earth mingling with the aromatic perfume from the many bouquets of flowers; aware of the warm autumn breeze as it gently rustled the silken canopy erected over the casket.

I stood unmoved as the minister committed the young body to the earth, and two of the soldiers from my cousin's Army battalion removed the flag from his casket and folded it precisely into the traditional military triangle. Nor did it affect me when his sergeant, his eyes glistening with unshed tears, presented this flag to his widow.

It was not until the bugler raised his lustrous gold horn to his lips, and the soft, sad music flowed over the silent graves that I received the full impact of the funeral.

Suddenly, I realized that this was not just a body, but the remains of a close friend and relative. I remembered that day, exactly one month before, when the same minister that had conducted

# Chloroform

Chloroform is a colorless, volatile liquid with a characteristic odor. It is used as a solvent for many organic compounds and as a reagent in various chemical reactions. It is also used in the manufacture of dyes and pigments.

Chloroform is prepared by the reaction of carbon tetrachloride with water. It is a trihalomethane and is highly soluble in organic solvents. It is also used as a preservative for biological specimens.

Chloroform is a potent anesthetic and is used in the medical field. It is also used in the synthesis of many pharmaceuticals. It is a known carcinogen and should be handled with care.

Chloroform is a colorless, volatile liquid with a characteristic odor. It is used as a solvent for many organic compounds and as a reagent in various chemical reactions. It is also used in the manufacture of dyes and pigments.



his funeral, had also celebrated his wedding. Looking back even farther, I thought how he had been almost like a brother to me. And now each sob and tear of the people about me, and each golden note of the bugle seemed to release a flood of emotion in my heart.

Then, as three soldiers fired the final salute, each loud penetrating shot sent spasms of pain through my body. I knew that I would never forget this moment, or find anything to completely fill the void in my heart.

Thomas Allen

#### FANTASIE

Ma muse  
M'amuse  
D'une triste façon  
De son rire moqueur  
Elle perce mon coeur  
Comme avec un poignon

Gaston Velaire



*disgrace*

*Point*

THE POINT

An infant young--

Birth begins time.

Through space life extends  
a thin red line,  
measured and found small;

A point alpha,  
creation,  
instinct,  
imagination,  
bathing in the redness of  
a hot thin extending ruby line,

The first point out of spatial dark.

Far away another,  
omena,  
standing unknown,  
alone,  
containing a last red glow  
like that which stretches behind it:

Blackness the next point away,  
an infinite expanse  
threatening quiescence,

The final distance to extinction,  
excepting those who have belief;

Dispersing from memory,  
except for those who care.

Bill Wheeler

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO  
DIVISION OF THE PHYSICAL SCIENCES  
DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY

REPORT

ON THE  
STRUCTURE OF THE  
CRYSTALLINE STATE

BY  
J. D. BAKER  
AND  
H. E. MERVIN

RECEIVED  
JANUARY 15, 1954  
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## Sign Here

The huge billboard on the side of the busy thoroughfare read: "Come alive, you're in the Pepsi generation." The picture was of a lithesome young blonde romping through the waves at a scenic beach. As she ran along she also carried a bottle of Pepsi--logical? No, but it sells Pepsi! The men who design today's signs and billboards deserve a lot more credit than they normally receive. Much ingenuity goes into the planning of most of these advertisements. Today's signboards must be such that they attract the attention of the passing motorist, yet must be brief and concise enough to make their point before he speeds by.

Logic and common sense are thrown to the wind as most designers are aware of the gullible nature of the public. "Be a tiger, and use Brylcreem hair tonic." This particular advertisement shows a beautiful young seductress attempting (and nearly succeeding) to convince the American male that all he has to do to gain that dynamic masculine personality is to rub a certain brand of hair tonic into his hair.

In case you weren't aware of the fact, if you soap yourself with Dial in the morning, you will be wonderfully immune from the curse of body odor for the rest of the day. What the advertisement neglects to mention, however, is that in order for this to work you must sit in a chair all day long, completely motionless. After all, you wouldn't want to stir up any perspiration.

"Buy Ivory soap--it floats!" Sure it floats, because it is pumped so full of air that it actually contains about one-third



as much soap as that of other brands.

If you are ever washing in your automatic and you find it is too small to accommodate your large wash, have no fear. Simply open the door of your washer and ask the Action Giant to make a little more room.

Another thing, as you drive down the highway in your Wide-Track Tiger, don't forget to stop into a service station every few hundred miles to have the tiger hair cleaned out of your carburetor. You know, the one in your tank!

Someday, if your kids seem exceptionally grubby and messy after a busy day in the mud, don't try to wash them individually. Just line them in a row at the end of your driveway and wait. Soon a knight will come by on his magnificent white charger and by touching each child with his staff, will perform a dry-cleaning feat which has yet to be duplicated.

Sometime if everything seems to be going badly at the office, if you can't seem to think straight and if your boss won't get off your back, don't push the panic button because it might just be that cigarette that you are smoking. "Come up, come up with the taste of Kool" and your day will seem *much* brighter.

Surely by now you aren't still using ordinary beer. Be a true man and switch to Ballantine Ale, the Man's brew.

Also, if you're not the scare-easy type and you don't mind a little excitement, go out and buy a bottle of new Ajax with Ammonia. Then cautiously remove the cover and watch the "white tornado" clean your house from ceiling to floor in less than a minute.

Evidently, this trend of stretching the capacities of certain products is here to stay, and as long as it is we might as well get

The first of these is the fact that the  
 system is not a simple one. It is a  
 complex one, and it is not possible to  
 understand it without a knowledge of the  
 principles of the system. The second is  
 the fact that the system is not a  
 simple one. It is a complex one, and it  
 is not possible to understand it without  
 a knowledge of the principles of the  
 system. The third is the fact that the  
 system is not a simple one. It is a  
 complex one, and it is not possible to  
 understand it without a knowledge of the  
 principles of the system.



used to it.

As for now, take "the pause that refreshes" and count your Raleigh coupons.

Stephan Small

## An Old Oak Tree

Hidden among the towering saplings stretching endlessly heavenward, the knotted, gnarled oak still crouched like an old man in a mute expression of inward pain, as it had for countless years. The aged limbs, pale with death, seemed to claw desperately at the patch of sky barely visible above them. A multitude of insects swarmed about the rotted wood to which the parasitic fungus clung, greedily sapping the tree's remaining strength. The damp, matted leaves of a decade cushioned the twisted knobby roots protruding from the earth like arthritic fingers. Inclined sympathetically toward this vestige of the mighty oak were the many generations of its offsprings. The new must constantly replace the old. But the process is not without its sadness.

Nancy Cooter



# What Soccer Means to Me

*What does soccer mean to me? It means pulled muscles, bruised shins, the coach's sarcastic remarks and many days of recuperation. Since our girls' gym class began to play the disastrous, violent game, I've pulled more muscles in both legs than I realized I had. As anyone knows, soccer is a game in which only the head, body and feet are allowed to pass the ball from player to player. The use of the hands is strictly forbidden. My legs never worked so hard at anything before. The first day we played, I pulled a muscle in my right leg. After I hobbled about for the next two days, gym class rolled around again. While I played, both legs gave out. Over the weekend I limped along like a seventy-eight-year-old lady with hardened arteries as I attempted to climb up and down stairs and walk around campus. Oh, the agony unused muscles can cause. Every step led me to dislike more and more that game called soccer. It really wouldn't be as difficult to suffer if a bruised body meant a good showing on the soccer field, or if a feeling of some type of accomplishment accompanied every ache. In my case, however, I usually missed the ball altogether and kicked the closet unfortunate player. More often than not she'd be a teammate of mine. If they gave awards for disabling the most players in the course of one soccer game, I believe I'd win it without much trouble. Knowing that the coach thinks I kick the players just because I'm angry that I missed the ball doesn't help matters any.*

*Those bruised shins are the result of a few players taking sweet revenge upon an innocent child like me. It's really quite a sight to*





a sight to see a field of girls kicking each other while one, brown, muddy, semi-deflated soccer ball lies dormant in the middle of the field, unnoticed, untouched, unused. About this time our beloved coach lets out a bleat on his whistle. Poor man, he looks as if watching us play has given him symptoms of nausea. To add to the bruises, pain, and discomfort, speedily comes a profusion of sarcastic remarks:

"You girls have to be kidding, if I weren't so sick, I'd laugh." or

"The ball is there for a purpose, why don't you conform and use it."

or

"In football you run with it, in basketball you bounce it, in soccer you do what's left!" or

"Say, if you take kicks at the ball like you do at each other, somebody's bound to get a goal sooner or later!"

I'd really like to know who writes his material. Sometimes he's downright funny. I'd laugh but it hurts when I do that, too.

Well, it's about time I got ready for gym. In spite of it all, I'm going to see this through. Soccer is not going to defeat me!

"Hey, Wanda, will you hand me the other crutch?"

Carol Silva



# Thoughts

"Darling, you're so warm. My hands are like ice." These are the words Mrs. Sweezy spoke to me as she lay in her bed in the small, ice blue, private room. I looked down into the faded blue eyes. They were tired eyes, set into her shallow, wrinkled face, spotted with age. Even so, love and compassion glowed in her humble visage.

My heart went out completely to Mrs. Sweezy; yet it was not pity I felt, but rather a deep respect for my patient. If and when I reach this age and condition, will I be as kind to others as she has been? Can I accept all the unkindness and coldheartedness of some nurses' aides without so much as a disgusted look on my face? She was true patience personified.

"Jesus wouldn't let me be so cold. He will keep me warm." Yes, she not only had patience but also faith. Thinking about the many discussions we had had concerning the greatness of God, I now knew that the reason she had lived such a good life was that she was completely committed to God. Through the many long, hard years of life, dear Mrs. Sweezy had trusted in God.

"Please stay with me a little while longer, dear." Leaning down and kissing her tenderly on the forehead, I thought how even some little act of affection or concern could make the life of someone a little happier. Seeing her tired yet victorious eyes, I knew that I wanted to give my life in service to the lonely and suffering of the world.

Removing her clammy hand from my arm, she closed her eyes and began to pray, "Our Father, which art in Heaven..." Quietly I went out of the room and left her to be alone with her Creator.

at 8 p.m.



A few minutes later, Vivian stopped me in the hall and said,  
"Mrs. Sweezy has passed on. God rest her soul."

Peggy Cress

A SONNET TO WINTER'S CAPRICIOUSNESS

Alas! The fitful demon's dulled her play  
From wont, and is content to wander now  
While resting from her white and chilling way  
Which arcs each birch, each spruce tree's limber bough.  
Now spent and having gone to frost yet more,  
She leaves soft crystals laughing on my pane;  
And having brought bleak beauty to the fore,  
Pretends that she'll not be this way again.  
But hardly has the green from evers bared  
When bounding back with spirit born anew--  
She leaps, her frenzy having never cared,  
And captivates in ice, blue's freezing hue.  
To think of golden warmth calls down her wrath.  
Such insane rage, no woman hath!

Paul Berne.

2. The second letter, which is dated 18th July 1914,

is dated 18th July 1914, and is dated 18th July 1914.

18th July 1914

18th July 1914

18th July 1914

18th July 1914

## A Descriptive View

*As we drove up in the darkness, I could see the silhouette of the Cessna N2848V in the car's beam of light. The car stopped.*

*It was early in the morning, but still very dark. I got out of the car and walked to the plane. I was a little hesitant about going since this was my first plane ride, but it was a great opportunity that I did not want to miss.*

*I boarded the plane and buckled the seat belt as the plane started to shake and to roar. The small craft started to taxi down the runway leaving the bonds of the earth behind, making me no more a creature of the earth but an intruder to the sky. The towns and cities twinkled below like the luminous stars in the dark. Before I expected it the sun had risen and was shining in our canopy. The ground below awoke with a rising mist. The morning dew soon disappeared with the puffs of industrial smoke and ribbons of highways linking the metropolises together.*

*As the meager craft soared upward, I sat back, relaxed in my seat and looked over its side. I realized for the first time how wonderfully God had made the earth. The scenery below appeared miniature in size. All conceptions of height were lost. The cars ran across the earth like frightened ants that had lost all sense of direction but always managed to get back to their colonies. The housing projects looked like checkerboards, but the game being played inside these squares was not checkers, but life. The trees--the vivid green--were the color of fresh moss. Throughout the mountains, which appeared like small mounds, an occasional snake would come into my sight,*





gliding along the railroad tracks in and out of their holes. Everything was neat, clean, and beautiful. For an instant I felt as God must feel as He looks down on the earth, sees it all its splendor, but knows the troubles, problems, and fightings below.

But far in the distance I saw the landing field beckoning the Cessna to its destination, saying, "Earth creature, come home." The plane started making its approach to the landing field. It glided down to the earth and taxied along the runway. When I realized I had returned to the problems and the turmoils of the earth, I thought of another escape into the sky. After the plane stopped, I got out and looked up at the sky. I realized how small and insignificant we are.

*Pom Evans*

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*John Brown*

# The Dieters

*As I walked into my room one afternoon, my roommate Lucy had just finished devouring a large bag of salted peanuts. "Lucy, think skinny!" I said, pointing to the bright pink sign above her desk. That same morning she had determined that she was going on a reducing diet, and already she had cheated. The boistrous comments of a few hours before had been in vain.*

*Lucy was not the only one. Several girls had reached the same conclusion that Lucy had: that the dining hall starches and sweets were too fattening and that something must be done to solve the problem. The girls were painfully aware of this situation when they discovered that their clothes were shrinking more and more each day. Along with Lucy, Sue, Jan, and Harriet decided to restrict their eating habits, or so they proclaimed to everyone they met.*

*Sue adopted the policy of omitting entire meals frequently. She became so hungry that she ate muffins, potato chips, cookies, candy, and submarine sandwiches between meals. After all, she just had to eat in order to keep alive. As a result, she continued to gain weight and failed to receive the proper nourishment. Sue felt more miserable than she had before.*

*Jan soon discovered that she had no will power. She realized her need for reducing, but she was unable to resist the temptation of the rich foods she loved so much. She began to consume even more than she had eaten previously. She finally convinced herself that she wasn't gaining weight after all, but everyone who saw her knew that this wasn't true.*

# St. Barbara

St. Barbara is a Christian saint, venerated in the Roman Catholic Church, the Eastern Orthodox Church, and the Oriental Orthodox Churches. She is the patron saint of artillery, gunners, and soldiers. Her feast day is celebrated on June 4th. According to tradition, she was a young girl who was raised by her father, a wealthy man, in a castle. She was devoted to God and refused to marry. Her father, in a fit of rage, ordered her to be killed. She was executed by being struck by lightning. She is depicted holding a cross and a palm frond, symbolizing her martyrdom. The story of St. Barbara is a popular subject in art and literature.



Harriet was a successful dieter at first. She had told everyone that she was on a diet, and she followed through on her decision for a few days. She followed a normal eating pattern, but she was very careful to avoid second servings and between-meal snacks. After the initial surge, however, Harriet began to relapse to her former source of trouble, between-meal snacks. Before long Harriet regained the ten pounds that she had lost.

I had very few comments to make as I observed these dieters and their so-called diets. I had said nothing, but I had been watching my diet with an eagle eye. Silently, triumphantly, I passed my piece of cherry pie to the boy sitting across the table.

Phyllis Coddling



# Almost

Last night I almost made it. Tonight I'll try again. Trying to remember what everyone has told me, I swiftly run out of my room. Although the halls are filled with friends with whom I would love to stop to talk, I rush on, not wanting to waste one minute of the half-hour that is mine.

The breeze is brisk against my face as I walk through the evening air. As I look around, I see groups of more fortunate students who are allowed to leave their rooms earlier. I have to return to my dorm by ten o'clock, the time when it is locked for the night; even though I was not permitted to leave until nine-thirty because of the "Intensive Study Program" for in-coming freshmen.

I must not forget the list of "things" they told me to get.

My thoughts return to the previous evening when I followed the same procedure as this evening. Remembering my disappointment when I had to return empty-handed, I am determined to bring back something to the girls in the dorm--or not go back.

As soon as I reach my destination, I realize with one glance that I will have to wait my turn. Since there are about fifteen ahead of me, I relax for a moment. Suddenly, standing here in the crowded room, I notice that there are still ten people in front of me with only fifteen minutes till ten o'clock.

I'm sure that a small "eternity" will pass during these next few minutes. Those in front of me leave slowly, but surely. Yet, by five minutes to ten there are still four people before me. Now this is

100-10

100-10

100-10

100-10



going to prove interesting.

My hands start to get clammy, my voice cracky; my mouth parched. Will it be another night like last night? When it is three minutes to ten, with two people in front with extra long lists, I panic. I stand here motionless. I stare at my watch while my mind races here and there. Not realizing my predicament, the crowd just chatters on.

Time is rushing in on me. My cheeks are red, I know. Just as I am about to turn back (I have already discarded the idea of not returning), my number is called. I reorganize in my mind what I want to order.

"I would like one small pepsi, one small orange without ice, two...." A firm hand on my shoulder interrupts my order. Nervously I turn around to see who has picked this time, of all times, to be funny. It isn't a joke.

There stands my monitor. "Paula, all freshman girls were supposed to be out of the Dug Out two minutes ago. Let's go." She grabs my sleeve and we scramble from the room.

Tears roll down my cheek as I cast a glance over my shoulder. One more minute and we girls wouldn't have had to starve again tonight as we do our homework.

Tomorrow night I'll do it this way....

Paula Carrier



# "You Can't Go Home Again"

*T*hrough the dark, raining night the bus moved slowly along. So great were my expectations, though, of going home that I hardly took notice of the rain pelting against the pane and the snoring of those around me. So much awaited me at home: the love and security I had not found at college, the happiness of being with those of my church with whom I had grown up in Christ, those who had a spirit sometimes lacking in college. This was going to be the greatest weekend!

It seemed endless eons before we finally came to a stop. Portland, at last! It wasn't such a great city, but it was home; and despite all the crowded streets and the smell from the paper mill I was still proud of it. If I were never to leave again I would only be too happy.

I bounded off the bus expecting to be engulfed in the open arms of my dad, but all I found surrounding me was the cold, wet air, and within me the sinking feeling of despair. Tears were welling in my eyes and something within me seemed to say, "I hate life."

Then, from down the street, I distinguished a lilting whistle, floating above the din of the city traffic. It could belong to no one else but my father. Within a few moments he was there beside me--a solid rock amid sinking sand. I breathed a prayer of relief and thanksgiving.

Home looked great. It had been so long since I had been in a





house with rugs and overstuffed chairs, and a bathroom which I didn't have to share with twelve other girls. At the moment, Heaven couldn't have been any more wonderful.

I thought I had all I ever could have wanted at that moment, but there was something lacking. I felt like a guest; yes, I even felt like a stranger. Oh, I knew every inch and crevice of that house, I knew where to find all the dishes; but there was a spirit, or lack of it, that I could not explain. What was wrong?

That night I was bored and restless. I longed for the dorm, the girls, and all the fun we had. I wanted to be out walking in the snow and the wet of the campus, ruining shoe upon shoe. I longed to hear the telephone ringing constantly outside my door. But, most of all, I yearned for the feeling of freedom I had felt at college. Here at home I was dependent on my parents and their wants and wishes. How I realized that "he who has lost his freedom has nothing else to lose."

I managed to abide Friday and Saturday, but only with thoughts of how great Sunday would be. Actually, that was really the only hope I had left. If that failed me....

Sunday morning finally dawned. I anticipated a wonderful service. Yet the moment I entered the church that same feeling came upon me. The spirit was still there but I felt like an intruder. I couldn't explain exactly what I felt nor the reason why until the minister said that he was glad to see me "visiting" from college.

Then I realized what I had subconsciously been afraid of. I was a visitor. I belonged to another world now. No longer was this my home. Thomas Wolfe was right. "You can't go home again."

*Linda Hamilton*

I wish to say a few words to you about the

work of the committee on the subject of the

committee on the subject of the

I think I have said all that I have to say

and I am sure that you will find it

very interesting and I am sure that you will

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Yours sincerely



## The Wide World







THE WILD CHIEF





# A Tree Planted by the River

A leech finds a victim to which he attaches himself and begins to suck blood. The leech grows fat but the victim grows thin. For awhile, after all the life-giving fluid is drawn from the victim, the leech holds on. But soon, when the leech realizes that there is no more blood and that he is drawing from his own ill-gotten reserve, he looses himself from the victim and in panic searches for another prey. The lifeless form of the victim crumples and is slowly absorbed in the earth.

Asmara, the city of a hundred thousand people, tenaciously grips the top of the eight thousand foot plateau and stretches its tentacles down the mountainsides to the resources of Keren and Massawa and Agordatt and Tessani and Om Ager and all the other towns and villages of the plains and the river valleys. Asmara, that leech that grips the top of the plateau: where Sidney Spondor leans back in his crimson and mahogany swivel chair and leafs through the accounts of Mitchel Cotts, Ltd. and makes decisions concerning the transport of cotton, potash and rock salt; where Emperor Haile Selassie retreats to his satiny white vacation palace and considers the resources of land and of people and what to do with them; and where the European parasites bask in the sun around the pool of the Ciaao resort; and where Anna the bar maid sells herself to American servicemen to satisfy their gluttonous and insatiable lusts.

\* \* \* \*

Twenty-three year old Luigi Correllis guides the big Italian-made

# Journal of the

At the first meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 1st day of January, 1881, the following resolutions were adopted: That the Board of Directors be authorized to raise the sum of \$100,000, in such manner as they may deem proper, to be used for the purpose of purchasing land for the establishment of a college for the education of the poor and destitute of the city of New York.

The Board of Directors have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the sum of \$100,000, from the City of New York, on the 1st day of January, 1881, and to express their appreciation of the same. They have also the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the sum of \$100,000, from the City of New York, on the 1st day of January, 1881, and to express their appreciation of the same. They have also the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the sum of \$100,000, from the City of New York, on the 1st day of January, 1881, and to express their appreciation of the same.

Respectfully,  
The Board of Directors

diesel tractor-trailer down the mountain to the plains. He has already gained the skill required to swing the big rig around the hair-pin turns difficult enough for a good driver to swing a car around. Mario Gentelli, alternate driver and the older of the two, is in charge of the convoy. He is pleased with Luigi's progress which he knows is the result of his own ability to teach young Correllis the skill he himself possesses.

To Luigi the well paid job with Mitchel Coots, Ltd. is not really work. It is enjoyable to jockey the big truck down the mountain to Agordat to pick up another trailer. It is enjoyable to make the high speed run across the flats to Tessani where he knows an African queen. It is enjoyable to make another high speed run across the arid plains of Northwestern Eritrea where at any time he can look out over a hundred square miles of flat-topped thorn trees and see two or three giant whirlwinds that never quite become cyclones. It is enjoyable for him to drive the last treacherous ten kilometers where the roads are so bad that only ten kilometers can be covered in eight hours.

Mario has made the trip many times. This time he carries with him his new six-hundred dollar 375 Weatherby Magnum. Tito will surely lead the hunters to the prized Kudu. This time he will not miss.

\* \* \* \*

Om Ager, just a few kilometers from the Sudan border, sets well back from the Setit River that forms the boundary between Eritrea and Ethiopia.

Visible above the treetops as you approach the town is the tall minaret of the mosque. As you pass the structure the trees thin out and give way to the central square.

Around the square is a set of low adobe buildings like the ones



The first of these is the fact that the  
 Government has been unable to secure  
 the necessary funds to carry out its  
 policy of non-interference. This is  
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 interference. This is due to the fact  
 that the Government has been unable  
 to secure the necessary funds to carry  
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you see in a Bible story book. Some have open fronts for use as shops. One building, plain but attractive, looks as though it might house a library but of course it doesn't. Several of the buildings appear to be empty and in others the activity is on the level of abandonment as though the leech had already begun to withdraw.

Out from the square are orderly rows of conical-shaped thatch-roofed huts.

That village sets well back from the river. In the latter part of the year just before the rainy season the Setit is no more than a trickle that seeps from stagnant pool to stagnant pool and finally disappears altogether somewhere out on the vast arid plains of southern Sudan. But after the first few weeks of the mighty deluge when the river flows two-hundred yards wide and is eighteen feet deep, if Om Ager did not set well back it would be completely swept away.

North of the river, like a giant fan that sweeps out for many kilometers from Om Ager, the dry soil, baked and cracked in the sun for centuries, is full of minerals and trace elements and tilth and blackness. And if the waters of the river could be made to rain upon the soil, there would be an abundance of vegetation that would soon become the backbone of a once proud land--the land of Abyssinia.

But there is no abundance of vegetation on those lifeless plains; there is only desolation of flat-topped thorn trees, dusty whirlwinds, scrawny cattle and bleak-eyed natives.

Why is the land so desolate? Why, when fifty-million gallons of water flow by the village every day? Why, when the soil of the surrounding plains is full of minerals and trace elements and tilth and blackness?

67  
C.

Because there is no one who will cause the water of the river to be made to rain upon the soil. It is only allowed to cleanse the stagnant pools and for a season saturate the strip of land a kilometer wide on each side of the river. Then it is gone and all is once again dry and baked and cracked and poor.

\* \* \* \*

Tito uses the sun, the moon and the stars to guide the hunters to the secret grazing grounds of the stately and wary Kudu. But when he listens intently while Mario explains that the moon is four hundred thousand kilometers away, he is mystified because he cannot comprehend such a distance even though he is nearly twenty-seven years old. And when Luigi tells of the palm-lined avenues, the graceful fountains and the beautiful buildings of Asmara, Tito cannot visualize a structure that is much higher than his thatch-roofed hut.

\* \* \* \*

Several hours before the trucks arrived, Abdullah was bitten by a scorpion. Immediately the milk-like substance, squeezed from the silky fibers of a plant, was applied to the wound. By the time the trucks arrived Abdullah was able to hobble around. Without that milk-like fluid Abdullah might have been dead. Perhaps it would have been better if he had died. For though he can ward off the scorpion's lethal bite, Abdullah knows daily the discomfort and irritation of the ugly greenish-yellow sores that cover his body.

\* \* \* \*

Ossman Mohammed ties the bales of cotton to the side of the camel, kicks and prods the struggling animal to its feet and drives him to the bed of the truck where others loose the bales and stack them. At the end of the day he receives two dollars for his labor.



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Once when he traveled to Asmara he worked for a month for two Americans: scraping paint and painting. At the end of the month he received fifty dollars--more than he had earned in the previous five years.

\*

\*

\*

\*

Why is the land so desolate? Why are the people so ignorant, so diseased and so poverty stricken?

Because there is no one to teach the people how to count, to read, to write, to plow, to dung and to water; there are only those who come to hunt the dwindling herds of Kudu, those who come to tell tales of the wonders of far off lands and those who come to sleep with the African queen.

There is no one who will give the medicine of the few to the sickness of the many; there are only those European parasites who care only for their own desires--are indifferent to the dire necessities of others.

There is no one who will give to the people a fair price for their product and a fair wage for their labor; there are only those who send the trucks each year to take away the meager yield of fine Egyptian cotton that should have been twice as much and those who pay the people not much more for the cotton than what it is worth to load the trucks.

The exploitation of the many by the few, of the poor by the rich, of the slave by the master, of the worker by the employer, of the weak by the strong and of the black by the white--this is the leech that preys upon the victim.

\*

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\*

\*



In the middle of the square in Om Ager, near the place where cotton is loaded is a little stone water tower like a miniature tower on the corner of a medieval castle. From its base is always flowing a little stream of water that sparkles clear and clean and in the midst of desolation is a sign of hope.

\* \* \* \*

Shiefa is going to school. The school is far away at Keren and Shiefa will be gone for many years. But there they know how to count, to read, to write, to plow, to dung and to water. When Shiefa returns from the little Christian mission halfway up the mountain, the power of the leech will be broken.

\* \* \* \*

"And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."

Ronald L. Altier

Published by the American Medical Association, 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.  
Entered as Second-Class Matter, May 2, 1917, Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under No. 102,363.  
Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 10, 1918.  
Postage paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices.

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# One Word and Two Definitions

The word is a Kiswahili word Kidege, and it means a small bird.

In the summer the Kidege flies from the low parched lands of the grass savanna to the slopes of the scintillating Mount Kenya. Here where the freshets are cool and soothing the Kidege finds refuge-- refuge in nature from nature.

Two hundred miles from the lush green sanctuary of the Kidege lies the ebullient city of Nairobi, the metropolis of Eastern Africa. In the center of the modern city the New Stanley Hotel spreads itself in disproportionate dimensions. People from all walks of life, businessmen, diplomats, reporters, local politicians, and many others, are all rushing in and then out of the hotel.

A few yards off the hotel premises sits a man with deformed hands and legs. His face is distorted, for his nose instead of protruding cuts deeply into his face. The other beggars scorn him with such names as Kidege, or Sparrow, or Bird Man because he is very short stature and when he walks he tends to hop with his back in an arch shape like a sparrow. His arms seem to grasp something which is not there, just like a sparrow fluttering its wings. To someone passing by in a sleek, black Mercedes Benz 230SE he may merely be a bird which is there just because it happens to be there.

To me the word Kidege has come to have a fuller meaning than its original one, bird. I can say the word Kidege burns in my mind. Talking to the Bird Man I discovered that not a single normal person had ever conversed with him in all his life. The irony is that this



man's brain is as receptive and intelligent as that of any average learned man. All day long the Bird Man sat on cobblestones, observing the best men and living on the generosity of others. He sat in the blistering sun without enough money for a mere cup of tea while men in the hotel squandered money as if it were only paper.

Kidege wondered what he would have become had he been physically normal. He too thought how he could have enjoyed life. Then a sudden thought struck like a heavy hammer on an empty anvil: "Maybe I am better than man." Kidege reasoned that had he been normal he would have been drawn into the chaos of life, never giving thought to less fortunate men.

The rains are about to begin and the Kidege on the slopes of Mount Kenya prepares a return to its home on the savanna.

However the Bird Man of Nairobi cannot seek asylum for he is classified as man and must suffer for it. He cannot seek a sanctuary where he will find happiness. He must struggle alone against the essential elements of nature while other men give him only a passing glance. He is the least fit for this battle in which death is the eventual winner.

*Satinder Singh*







## Halt

*Another Vietnamese night enveloped us as we lay on the warm sandy soil of the jungle floor. We were thankful for the cool breeze which the darkness had brought. But the night had also brought the fear of the unknown--fear that combined with the pressures of combat, that can drive a man to all sorts of fantasies. Such was Private Gilehad's fate this night. I was his squad leader and had posted him off to my right flank where now he was lost in the darkness. It was so quiet your brain would pound against the top bone of your helmet. Out in the darkness I heard Private Gilehad say almost questioningly, "Halt." Then panic took hold of him and he screamed, "Halt!" At this same instant it illuminated the scene. Gilehad was confronting a tree which he had just attempted to exterminate. When he realized what a mistake he had made the panic rolled from him, and broke out in an almost hysterical laugh. From somewhere, a voice of authority rang out with orders and curses.... The deadly quiet and darkness reigned once more, but this little bit of joy made the night bearable.*

*Don Hannah*

17/10/50

Dear Sir,  
I have the pleasure to inform you that the  
order for the purchase of the above-mentioned  
quantity of the material has been placed.  
The material is of the best quality and is  
available for delivery at the earliest possible  
date. I am sure that you will be satisfied  
with the quality and quantity of the material.  
I am, Sir, very respectfully,  
Yours faithfully,  
[Signature]  
[Name]  
[Address]  
[City]

Yours faithfully,  
[Signature]

# Kenyan Nationalism

Nationalism is defined as a sunflower which responds intuitively to the power of the sun.

A spirit like radiant heat sweeps over the lowlands, over the marshes, and over the high plateau, bursting open the seeds of nationalism. Oppression provides heat for the seed to germinate. Just a small spark sets ~~the~~ countryside aflame. It is a natural response which occurs, like the turning of the sunflower, many times over, and the only restraint over it is a period of relapse.

Nationalism is an abstract element which regulates itself to many forms, and differing material and environmental conditions. It cannot be defined, yet limits can be imposed on it, allowing one to sense its powerful force. No one element can test nationalism. A common language does not exemplify the spirit of the people, for some nations exist with numerous languages and a multitude of dialects. Nationalism still pulsates passionately through their masses. The over-all limit, then, to the concept of nationalism can be defined as the desire of the majority of a nation to remain sovereign and independent.

Nationalism in Kenya developed at the very beginning, in the most basic society--a society comprised of a single man unique in spirit. This unique spirit evolves into a more complex emotion of pride as his family demands his support. Later this develops into a feeling for the group or tribe in which he lives, and finally blossoms as the sunflower with the realization that he is a vital part of his nation. His spirit and soul are the spirit and soul of his nation.



# History of the Republic

CHAPTER I. THE FOUNDING OF THE REPUBLIC.

SECTION I. THE EARLY PERIOD.

THE HISTORY OF THE REPUBLIC OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENTS TO THE PRESENT TIME.

BY JAMES M. SMITH, LL.D.

VOLUME I.

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On a misty morning, atop a high hill-crest, an old man sits on a torn-down fence. His large calloused hands embrace the sides of his brown face. Across the forehead, as if chiseled by an expert draughtsman, are deep furrows in the skin. Furrows cured, like tanned leather, by a process of sweating and the evaporation of salt. His eyes move quickly, often darting uniformly from side to side.

A dirt road meanders below him as he sits passively pondering. The broad expansive banana leaves adorn the hillsides like a heavy, lush green carpet. A rushing wind rustles the leaves suddenly until the whole hill seems to quake. He hears the distant torrents of water crashing against stone and then dying away. A high-pitched shriek stirs his conscious perception, for he knows that the women and the children go to the waterfalls for the daily washing. The thumping of wet clothes against the rocks resumes, however, assuring him that all is well.\*

Now, as he sits on the fence, with the sun beating down, making his bare shoulders glow, he reminisces about his youth. He had been a learned man of letters, and people respectfully called him Walimu or teacher. He remembered the day the  $T_1$  Local Teachers' Certificate was awarded to him. Temptation had overtaken him, for he had tampered with the idea of changing the  $T_1$  to a  $T_2$ , qualifying him to teach in the city. The British judge, having studied the case, pronounced the final verdict of prohibition from teaching for the rest of Walimu's life.

Despair and delusion overcame Walimu. He was outraged and over-

\*Tribal people clean clothes by soaking them in water and then beating them on stones. They are unfamiliar with the use of soap.



come by self-pity. But, as if just for him, that night a freedom fighter stole into the village and sowed the seed of revolt in Walimu and the other eager men. The village awoke from slumber and the children curiously began to ask about their missing fathers. Had they gone on a hunt? The mothers assured their children, with grave hope in their voices, that the fathers would soon be back.

Far away, in the early morning, Walimu and the men gathered in the foot-hills of the Mau Forest Mahogany jungles. A self-styled military general addressed the men. "Selected sons of this land, we have a responsibility to fulfill--and fail, fail we must not. How long have we been oppressed? How long has the white man shouted at us and made us stand with bowed heads while he gave **his** orders? The white man, the Masungu, first came to explore out of curiosity, but when he saw the rich loamy soils of the cleared jungles, his eyes filled with greed. His greed made him forget the sacred homeland that he trod upon as a child. He took from us that which God gave us. He went against the will of God; for had it not been God's will we would not have been blessed with the soil. The land is ours, and all on it is ours. We will drive out the Masungu and reside at his house, and eat with shining knives from his table. In the true spirit of "Harambee" (brother with brother) we shall take an oath to fight until death."

Walimu had thought the general, clad in leopard-skin and monkey fur, impressive and fiery in speech--but how could all the people divide the Europeans' possessions? Would they not fight among themselves for the spoils? He had not spoken this, but kept it hidden within himself.

Life as a revolutionary soldier had been demanding. He had feared







death many times. Walimu had heard of other night meetings, and how when they began, a cross-fire of volatile machine guns from crack British paratroop units showered the camp, leaving it silent with human carcasses. He also recalled hearing about the Nmange Prison Island, infested with Tsetse flies and yellow fever mosquitos, where men died from disease or starvation--with death giving the choice of either means to achieve its one end.

His heart had swollen with sorrow. He knew his people had killed a few white settlers on isolated farms; but the white man had slaughtered his people as if they possessed no life. The white man who had become so powerful, so educated, so advanced, the white man, who had achieved distinction in every walk of life, resorted to such killing without sense. He wondered if the white man's civilization had accomplished anything more than his own.

He remembered the inspiration he had felt on hearing that a man had arisen to lead his people. His name was Jomo Kenyatta--meaning, in Kikuyu, the "Burning Spear." Later, he heard reports of meetings in London to discuss the independence of Kenya. During his whole life he had never been overwhelmed by such a sensation of pride. Why did his heart swell? Why did he walk with his head held high, unashamed of his people or their color or their tribal traditions? He was free.

The sun glows with orange fluorescence and will soon disappear over the horizon. At the moment it is large and sparks brightly, shedding its mantle of rich red-tinged light over the porous earth. The banana leaves collect rays and fling them upwards. The dry yellow soil on the road seems to reflect the redness, and glow like the back of a slithering snake. The fleecy cirrus clouds seek escape



from the scourge of the sun's rays.

This reflecting radiance from his surroundings recalls in Walimu's memory a night which he could never forget. A night, the twelfth night of the twelfth month of the year 1963.

Walimu had gone to Nairobi, which had been in turmoil preparing for the night that was soon to come. Last minute inspections were hastily carried out so that all would go well on this approaching hour. Everyone in the city was rushing, as if by their ceaseless activity they could somehow hasten the moment anxiously awaited. Hotel rooms were booked weeks in advance; and still, newspaper reporters, official representatives, diplomats, ambassadors, heads of states, and the peasants, shouldering their heroic freedom fighters, were all pouring into Nairobi. Some dragged their goats from the villages, to feast on them when the time was right. Old peasants dressed in tribal costumes looked around with bewildered eyes. Too much was happening, too fast to even think about any one thing. They knew not what this Uhuru, this freedom, meant. A few young men from each village had died in battle. Maybe a bigger battle was to ensue, for never had they seen such a vast gathering of men.

When the final night came, everyone gathered at the flood-lit stadium that had been especially constructed for this momentous occasion. Amidst the crowd at the one end of the stadium, there arose cheering and rejoicing. People in the other sections turned to see the President-designate, Jomo Kenyatta, and Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth's representative of the crown, the Duke of Edinburgh, make a grand entrance into the arena and ascend to an elevated platform.

Jomo Kenyatta, the man who had championed the cause of freedom, had suffered heavily. In prison the authorities had tried to silence his







mind by keeping him perpetually intoxicated. The famous British barrister, Edward Pritt, appealed to the world to halt this deed, but to no avail. This man has survived torture. His eyes showed suffering, and yet he was at ease and magnificent at this historic moment. With a short flick of a fly whisk he silenced the murmuring land. He then addressed the masses, who fell into a hypnotic trance while listening to his voice reverberate over the whole area. He told them not to expect any miracles from him, for hard work offers the only solution to their needs.

"Without hard work and unity, freedom is free no more." He asks them, "How have we gotten our freedom?" The crowd stirs uneasily but none dare answer. Soon there is silence and the staccato tongue, with anger, repeats the question. Then, without waiting for an answer, he tells them that freedom has been achieved by the hard work of many people from many lands. "Now that we have gotten our freedom, we can return to our Shambas and sit and enjoy it for the rest of our lives." A deep, husky, cynical laughter escapes from him into the microphone. Again the voice becomes serious and commanding.

"We have achieved only one freedom. There are many more to follow! The next freedoms to attain are from hunger, from disease, and from ignorance. These three, starvation, disease, and ignorance, are our enemies, and may Kenya never rest until she has expended all her energies and powers in doing her utmost towards the cause of freedom. To the younger generation I say, you did not have to fight for this freedom we gain tonight. But there are more freedoms to be won, in which each one of you can prove worthy of inheriting this freedom."

Amid jubilant clapping and whistling his hands rise to the sky in a sign of gratitude, and Jomo Kenyatta, one day prisoner and the



*The White*

next day president, takes his chair. Suddenly the lights go out, and the people are in total darkness. A lone beam of light pierces the blackness and strikes the Union Jack descending slowly. The flag, which has flown beneath the Kenyan sky for over forty years, is solemnly handed to the Duke of Edinburgh. On the flagstaff a new flag begins to rise. People gaze with amazed astonishment as a tri-colored flag, the flag of the new Kenyan nation, starts to sway with a slow rhythmic movement. The lights are turned on and the people rejoice from this moment on through the night. Many tell themselves, "I cannot believe this," while others try to put into words the sensation and the mood of the moment, for soon they will be relating the event to those who have been left behind, and perhaps, in the future years, to those who are still to come.

The sun is sinking over the horizon. Walimu feels a rejuvenation of the spirit. The children and the women are hurrying back from the waterfalls. He sits a while longer watching the smoke curl up from the thatched roofs of the village huts. There is peace in his mind. Freedom had brought him back to his work as a teacher, but now, too old to teach, he spends his days walking feebly from house to house, talking to anyone who cares to listen.

He lives in a country where there is complete peace and freedom; he lives as he desires and feels is best for himself.

The sunflower turns to the heat of the sun, as Walimu turns and gazes at his land below. The heat of his spirit becomes aroused and inflames his pride, causing him to shout the name of his country, "KENYA", across the valley--a free country, because he helped make it so.

*Satinder Singh*







# The World of Spirit



31/10/1913

31/10/1913



# Dialogue

*I* imagine two boys, one of whom is nineteen and the other seventeen years old. The older, Bob, is a neighborhood leader.

The rest of the kids often trust him with their innermost confidences.

The younger, Rick, is fairly new in the neighborhood but has found in Bob a solid base from which to test his inner thoughts.

Rick: Do your parents ever talk to you about God?

Bob: Of course, don't yours?

Rick: Yes. Do they tell you that God says that you shouldn't do many of the things you would like to do?

Bob: Yes.

Rick: That you're not supposed to be thinking of yourself but of Him?

Bob: Yes.

Rick: Do they tell you that God wants you to keep it up for the rest of your life, and not break down, no matter what the consequences?

Bob: Yes.

Rick: That He wants you to continue to follow Him even though those who may appear to be successful may not be practicing what He teaches?

Bob: Yes.

Rick: Do they go on and tell you that you are a sinner, and how bad God says it is to be in Hell?



# Supplies

and more of the same kind as above, and also some  
small quantities of the following: 1/2 lb. each of  
sugar, salt, and butter, and 1 lb. each of  
rice, beans, and corn. Also 1 lb. each of  
tea, coffee, and cocoa.

Very respectfully,  
J. H. [Name]

Enclosed find \$10.00

Yours very truly,  
J. H. [Name]

1891

and more of the same kind as above, and also some

1891

and more of the same kind as above, and also some

1891

and more of the same kind as above, and also some

1891

and more of the same kind as above, and also some



Bob: Yes.

Rick: Then how can you believe that God cares about you? It seems as though He has played a trick on us. He puts us in this life and then says, "Don't touch, sinner."

Bob: Well, have your parents ever told you that God is looking over your shoulder because He cares for you as an individual?

Rick: Yes.

Bob: And that if you open yourself to Him He will come in and make all your days happy ones in Him; that material things will become meaningless and life will take on a whole new dimension that will make this one seem but a stepping stone to greater things?

Rick: Yes, but how can you believe all that? How can you believe that God really ~~cares~~ when He would put you here on earth and let you be tempted each day, with Hell seeming to hinge on your outcome?

Bob: Why would God, if He didn't care about us, give us life in the first place?

Rick: I don't know, but why must we be tempted?

Bob: Because it's more important for us to overcome temptation than never to have faced it. We have to prove ourselves worthy of His love.

Rick: But how can we overcome the impossible?

Bob: If we accept God as our Savior and then do the best we are able, it doesn't matter if we sometimes fail.

Rick: How can you be so sure?

Bob: Because He gave His Son to redeem our sins.

Rick: I never could really understand that too well. Why would He let His Son go through all that torture?

There has been some discussion about the possibility of a new project. It seems that the committee is still in the early stages of planning. The main idea is to create a new department that will be responsible for the overall management of the organization. This would involve a lot of work, but it is necessary if we want to move forward.

The committee has decided to hold a meeting on the 15th of next month. This will be a chance for everyone to discuss the project in more detail and to make any necessary changes. We will also be looking at the budget and the timeline for the project.

Very truly yours,

The committee has also decided to hold a meeting on the 15th of next month. This will be a chance for everyone to discuss the project in more detail and to make any necessary changes. We will also be looking at the budget and the timeline for the project.

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Bob: If the places were reversed, what would be the one thing that would convince you to do it?

Rick: Well...I think maybe I'm beginning to see the point. He would only have done it if He thought we were worth it; but we could still fail Him. He has no proof that people will go His way. Isn't He taking an awful chance?

Bob: No, because He has what's far more important than proof. He has what we so often lack.

Rick: What's that?

Bob: What do you call it when someone takes a chance and risks all on something feeling he is right, even though he has no proof?

Rick: I guess that you would say he had faith in...I think I see it now.

Bob: Go ahead.

Rick: It's that if God can put us here on earth with free will to make our own decisions and give His Son to save our cause on the faith that we will recognize and accept His outstretched hand, then it is our part to have the faith to reach for that outstretched hand and to entrust our lives to Him.

Bob: When you have done that, Rick, you won't need to look for proof of His caring any longer. His love will come into your life from every angle and pervade your every moment.

David A. Marlee

17. The first of these is the fact that the...

...the second of these is the fact that the...

...the third of these is the fact that the...

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...the fourth of these is the fact that the...

...the fifth of these is the fact that the...

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...the sixth of these is the fact that the...

...the seventh of these is the fact that the...

Robert D. Kline



# One Soul In Two Bodies

*F*riendships come and friendships go, but the amazing factor is, they are necessary. A man is only half himself; his friends are the other half. People have an instinctive need to be needed. The very best way to have this need fulfilled is through friends and friendships. There are many different degrees of friendship, but there is one friend that no man can do without, and that one is the "best friend."

The best friend, what makes him so special? He is not only everything you have ever wanted in a friend, but he is more. He is the one who overlooks all the foolishness and weak things that he cannot help noticing. Into the light he draws many of your personality traits that no one else had looked far enough to find. He helps you to make of the lumber of your life, not a tavern, but a temple. Of your everyday works he makes not a reproach, but a song. He is a volume of sympathy when the way is dark and dreary. A botanist has said he is like ivy: the greater the ruin, the closer he clings. He is someone to whom you can pour the content of your heart, chaff and grain together, knowing that the gentlest of hands will sift it, keep what is worth keeping, and with a breath of kindness, blow the rest away. There are no false fronts needed when you are with him. Be yourself. That is why he has selected you as his friend, because you are you. You can share all your problems with him, for even while only listening he shows understanding. He knocks before he enters, not when he leaves. His criticisms are made to you when you are alone. They are well thought

# On the Value of the

The first part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the value of the money wage. It is shown that the value of the money wage is not the same as the value of the real wage. The value of the money wage is determined by the price of money, while the value of the real wage is determined by the price of the goods which the worker consumes. The value of the money wage is therefore a relative value, while the value of the real wage is an absolute value.

The second part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the value of the profit. It is shown that the value of the profit is not the same as the value of the surplus value. The value of the profit is determined by the price of the goods which the capitalist consumes, while the value of the surplus value is determined by the price of the goods which the worker consumes. The value of the profit is therefore a relative value, while the value of the surplus value is an absolute value.

The third part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the value of the rent. It is shown that the value of the rent is not the same as the value of the surplus value. The value of the rent is determined by the price of the goods which the landlord consumes, while the value of the surplus value is determined by the price of the goods which the worker consumes. The value of the rent is therefore a relative value, while the value of the surplus value is an absolute value.

The fourth part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the value of the interest. It is shown that the value of the interest is not the same as the value of the surplus value. The value of the interest is determined by the price of the goods which the lender consumes, while the value of the surplus value is determined by the price of the goods which the worker consumes. The value of the interest is therefore a relative value, while the value of the surplus value is an absolute value.

through before ever being spoken, for his friendship lies in the balance.

The classical Biblical example of the best-friend relationship is found in the persons of David and Jonathan. Jonathan, after having risked his life to save David's, made David promise he would go away and not return. Why would one who had such a worthy friend as David send him away? "For he loved him as he loved his own soul (I Samuel 20:17)."

There was a deeper dimension to their friendship than all of the former dimensions already stated. Jonathan loved God, and knew God had planned his friendship with David and was willing to allow God to continue working out His will. This, then, was where the two bodies became one soul, united in a common purpose, that of doing the will of their Father.

"To throw away a friend", Sophocles once said, "is, in effect, to throw away your life." Aristotle complements that by saying, "A true friend is one soul in two bodies." Yet there remains the third dimension. Within one soul and two bodies is the Spirit of God who can work to cultivate the most wonderfully precious and purposeful friendship ever experienced by man.

*Faye Sear*



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# The Lord's Prayer

In most cases we, as young people, have prayed the Lord's Prayer ever since we were tiny, and prayed it without analysis or understanding. Now the time has come for us to analyze every aspect of life. So why exclude from interpretation of this well-beloved prayer.

"Our Father...." Our Creator, the most merciful God, our Protector, our Benefactor, the one who gives meaning to life--this is our Father. He is all this and ever so much more. He fills the longing of our souls for truth and love. He is love, and everything which love conveys. He is the granter and sustainer of life.

"...which art in heaven...." The one who came down to earth in the form of man to suffer with us and understand us. The one who is with us all the time, in every situation. For heaven is where God is. If we accept Him we become His children, heirs of His heavenly Kingdom.

"Hallowed be thy name." May God's name be ever blessed and held in reverence and awe. May His name be kept from vain usage by idle tongues, or corruption by the lips of those who mock His tender mercy, His justice, and His truth.

"Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven." May the love of God come to earth, may His people reflect His goodness and mercy, may man repent of his willfulness and enter into God's will. May we, the people of God, spread His Word to every creature, and prepare for His kingdom.

Wright, George, and G.

"Give us this day our daily bread." Give us that which we need and help us to depend upon you for every part of our existence. May we not try to run our own affairs without your help.

"And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors." Forgive the sins which we have committed, but only when we forgive those who injure us. When we are unforgiving, be unforgiving likewise unto us.

"And lead us not into temptation..." May we find strength through you to resist all temptation. Give us that strength.

"...but deliver us from evil..." Deliver us from unrighteousness, from doubt, from cowardice, and from sins of omission. Deliver us from all that would come between you and us.

"For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever." To you belong the world and all its beauty, glory, and wonder. You have the power of good and evil, of life and death. We praise your name.

*Beth A. Morgan*





# 1967 Flashbacks



1887 2nd 1st 2nd 3rd 4th 5th 6th 7th 8th 9th 10th 11th 12th



# Friendliest



Sandy Hetrick

Chuck Carder

3231/60317E

25

Small punch

Small punch



# Most Talkative



Linda Pendleton

Tom Evans

Most Valuable

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Wm. W. W. W.

Wm. W. W.

# Sleepiest



Carol Silva

Bill Smith

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Carat 12.00

12.00



# Most Individualistic



Janie Hobensack

Malcomb Vaughn

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# Best Looking



Linda Bell

Bob Gagnon

Best Longing

18

at 1/2

for 1/2



# Most Bashful



Bettina Copp

Wendell Jones

Most Dear Sir

25

Yours truly

Wm. Pitt Rivers

# Best Dressed



Diana Jones

Ron Manley

Best Dressed



Small of man

Small of man



# Best Personalities



Joanna Trask

Dan Murphy

Best Personages



Not an of

John Wright

# Most Humorous



Linda Balty

Tom Evans





# Biggest Eaters



Carol Silva

Steve Halterman

Erddref Ffer

215

Erddref Ffer

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# Most Intellectual



Barb Baker

Doug Smith

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# Best Smiles



Donna Pope

John Ragonese

Best 2nd 1st



18th 19th

18th 19th

# Best Athletes



Linda Alverson

Jack Schmitt

Best Affection

25

James O'Brien

John A. Smith



# Best-All-Around



Carol Silva

Dan Murphy

61107A-11A-523V

101  
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# Class Roll



Class Room





Joan Adams	"Paradise is open to all kind hearts."
James Ainsworth	Rather tall, rather thin, rather nice.
Ronald Allen	"Wit and humor belong to genius alone."
Thomas Allen	"Great thoughts, like great deeds, need no trumpet."
Linda Alverson	"The thing that goes the farthest towards making life worth-while is just a pleasant smile."
Robert Ardrey	"Man is man and master of his fate."
Robert Armstrong	"An honest man's the noblest work of God."
Fredrick Arsenault	"He's a wonderful talker."
Ralph Bausman	"Listen to music religiously, as if it were the last strain you might hear."
George Bailey	"To do mischief is found a hundred times a day."
Margaret Bailey	"A girl I knew who lived upon a smile."
Barbara Baker	"Intelligent people are the best encyclopedia."
Linda Baltz	"He who has the courage to laugh is almost as much a master of the world as one who is ready to die."
Gary Banuk	"In everything the middle course is best."
Shirley Barnes	"Faithfulness and sincerity first of all."
Paul Beane	"Life without laughter is a dreary blank."
Robert Beckwith	"He knew what is what."
Linda Bell	"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."
Kathleen Bordewieck	"Wisdom is a repose of the mind."
June Bosworth	"It is when you give of yourself that you truly give."



Louise Bowen

"Neat, not gaudy"

Sandra Bowley

"Beauty is quality of the heart.  
It is more than skin deep."

Kathleen Bragdon

"A sunny disposition seldom shows a  
cloud."

Stephen Brenner

"He only is a well-made man who has a  
good determination."

Judy Buch

"A girl who rates a second look"

Althea Calhoun

"Without singing life would be a mistake."

Charles Carder

Two hundred and thirty freshmen can't  
be wrong.

Phyllis Carlson

"Good sense and good nature are never  
separated."

Paula Carrier

"A taste for books"

Vici Carvell

"Love is indeed heaven upon earth."

Enid Case

"It gives me a deep comforting sense that  
things seen are temporal and things unseen  
are eternal."

Jay Case

"Quiet in appearances"

Marilyn Caswell

"She has a pleasant smile for everyone."

Dianne Chessa

"A ring on her finger and bells in her  
future."

Phyllis Coddling

"Even the wise are merry with tongue."

James Coleman

"Determination is a condition that assures  
a prosperous future."

Sandra Colflesh

"Her words are trusty heralds to her mind."

Donna Collins

"Sweets to the sweet."

Richard Collins

"Ambition has no risk."

Cathy Cook

"My joy is friends."

Nancy Cooter

"A fair exterior is a silent recommendation."

Bettina Copp

"What sweet delight quiet life affords."

1. The first part of the book is devoted to a general survey of the subject.	General Survey
2. The second part is devoted to a detailed study of the various aspects of the problem.	Detailed Study
3. The third part is devoted to a critical examination of the existing theories.	Critical Examination
4. The fourth part is devoted to a comparison of the different methods.	Comparison of Methods
5. The fifth part is devoted to a discussion of the results obtained.	Discussion of Results
6. The sixth part is devoted to a summary of the main findings.	Summary of Findings
7. The seventh part is devoted to a list of references.	List of References
8. The eighth part is devoted to an index.	Index
9. The ninth part is devoted to a glossary.	Glossary
10. The tenth part is devoted to a bibliography.	Bibliography
11. The eleventh part is devoted to a list of figures.	List of Figures
12. The twelfth part is devoted to a list of tables.	List of Tables
13. The thirteenth part is devoted to a list of appendices.	List of Appendices
14. The fourteenth part is devoted to a list of footnotes.	List of Footnotes
15. The fifteenth part is devoted to a list of errata.	List of Errata
16. The sixteenth part is devoted to a list of acknowledgments.	List of Acknowledgments
17. The seventeenth part is devoted to a list of dedications.	List of Dedications
18. The eighteenth part is devoted to a list of prefaces.	List of Prefaces
19. The nineteenth part is devoted to a list of introductions.	List of Introductions
20. The twentieth part is devoted to a list of conclusions.	List of Conclusions



Peggy Cress	"A true friend is forever a friend."
Corally Crothers	"Quiet with a pleasant and pleasing nature"
Russell Crouse	"Power rests in tranquillity."
Anthony Cuchiara	"Genius is the master of nature."
Garth Curry	"Is it true blonds have more fun?"
Pearl Davis	"One of the greatest pleasures in life is conversation."
Brenda Dobson	"A nice unparticular girl"
Ruth Douglas	"We tire of those pleasures we take but never of those we give."
Rosalene Dunlop	"Kindness gives birth to kindness."
Kenneth Eash	"A good man is a great thing upon the earth."
Kathleen Eckmyer	"Her favorite hobby is mischief."
John Evans	"Speech is the index of the mind."
Thomas Evans	"The best of life is conversation."
Robert Farrell	"They that govern most make least noise."
Joyce Fern	"Not much talk--a great, sweet silence"
Linda Fligg	"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."
Larry Freeland	"Genius finds its own road and carries its own lamp."
Robert Gagnon	"Handsome is that handsome does."
Edward Gardner	"There is a nobility in the world of manners."
Linda Gardner	"A lovely girl is above all rank."
Holly Gavlak	"Silence is deep as eternity."
Lynn Gleason	"Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity."
Cheryl Gordon	"The truth of truths is love."
Sandra Gray	"A constant friend is rare and hard to find."



Kenneth Greathouse

"Laughter is the chorus of conversation."

Gail Grommes

"A girl of infinite jest."

Janice Hall

"There is a woman at the beginning of all great things."

Steven Halterman

"There is no moment like the present."

Linda Hamilton

"Love is best when tinged with romance."

Donald Hannah

"Speech is silver."

Dale Hardy

"He lives long that lives best."

Robert Harrison

"The stage is the mirror of human life."

Barbara Hart

"Thy eternal summer shall not fade."

Rebecca Helm

"The sweetest garland to the sweetest maid."

Nancy Henderson

"She who tries will succeed."

Sandra Hetrick

"Do they have elephants in Massachusetts?"

Donald Heward

"So many word's, so much to do, such things to be."

Daniel Hiller

"Man is born for action."

Sandra Hine

"A girl who has a cheerful spirit and a kind countenance."

Mary Jane Hobensack

"A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse."

Jill Hobson

"Life is good."

Darla Hoffman

"Enthusiasm is the element of success in everything."

Betty Holland

"The sincere alone can recognize sincerity."

Theresa Holland

"Step after step the ladder ascended."

Nancy Holt

"A happy life lies in tranquillity of mind."

Terrance Hopkins

"The artist belongs to his work."

Charles Hunter

"Knowledge is itself power."

Patricia Hurless

"Thou who hast the fatal gift of beauty."





<del>Cynthia</del> Hvostlet	"Contentment is happiness."
<del>Linda</del> Iverson	"Silence may do good, and can do little harm."
Carol Johnson	"All the world's a stage."
<del>Paul "Chip" Johnson</del>	"He that mischief hatcheth, mischief catcheth."
<del>Diana</del> Jones	"Happiness seems best to be shared."
<del>Joyceanne</del> Jones	"There is a fair behavior in thee."
Wendell Jones	"Hear much, speak little."
Donald Keen	"The strongest man is the one who stands most alone."
Thomas King	"Talent alone cannot make a writer. There must be a man behind the book."
Keith Kleppinger	"Once a gentleman, always a gentleman."
Nancy Knapp	"It is more blessed to give than to receive." (Acts 20:35)
<del>Jean</del> Lambert	"It is a friendly heart that has plenty of friends."
<del>Russ</del> Laubach	"There's a good time coming."
<del>Faye</del> Lear	"Excellent things are rare."
Kathy Leta	"There is nothing of so tender a nature as the reputation of ladies."
Kenneth Lewis	"The style is the man himself."
Linda J. Lewis	"Patience and gentleness are power."
Linda L. Lewis	"Good humor makes all things tolerable."
Sharon Libby	"I will drink life to the lees."
Patricia Lockwood	"It matters not how long we live, but how."
John Long	"The long and the short of it."
<del>Gilbert Longwell</del>	"An honest laughter"
<del>Rachel</del> Lopez	"Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."



~~James Luce~~

"True wisdom is to know what is worth knowing, and to do what is best worth doing."

~~Kenneth McConnell~~

"No wealth is like the quiet mind."

~~Donald McGlinchey~~

"Divinely tall"

~~Sandra McMahon~~

"A gentle heart is tied with an easy thread."

~~Linda McNutt~~

"Beauty is truth, and truth beauty."

~~Brenda Mank~~

"Simplicity, without which no human can arrive at perfection"

~~Ronald Manley~~

"His tongue is now a stringless instrument."

Muriel Mann

An honest Mann is the noblest work of God.

~~Anthony Manna~~

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men."

~~John Marks~~

"This span of life was lent for lofty duties."

Linda Markola

"Quietness is a virtue."

Kenneth Martsolf

"In every deed of mischief he had a heart to resolve, a head to contrive, and a hand to execute."

~~William Mauger~~

"A gentleman makes no noise."

Linda Melton

"The present is great with the future."

~~Dara Miller~~

"A friend may well be reckoned the masterpiece of nature."

~~Linda Miller~~

"All of nature is to be found in the smallest things."

Martha Miller

"Life is not life at all without delight."

~~George Milne~~

"Yond George has a lean and hungry look."

Beth Morgan

"Study serves for delight, for ornament, and for ability."

Daniel Murphy

"There are men that stand above the common herd."

John Naile

"Ay, none shall nail so high a name."

~~David Narlee~~

"We confide in our strength without boasting of it."

There is a great deal of  
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Lynn Nelson	"Music is the poetry of the air."
Miriam Neilson	"A soft answer turneth away wrath."
Patricia Neilson	"Gaiety is the soul's health."
<del>Karen O'Donnell</del>	"A small leak will sink a great ship."
<del>Ronald Parker</del>	"Great thoughts proceed from the heart."
<u>Linda Pendleton</u>	"The pleasure of talking is the in-extinguishable passion of woman."
<del>John Peters</del>	"Our hope is livelier than despair."
<del>June Pierce</del>	"How wise must one be to be always kind."
Linda Piper	"She is a winsome wee thing."
<del>Anthony Pirretti</del>	"He who has no wish to be happier is the happiest of men."
Donna Pope	"The only way to have a friend is to be one."
<del>Anuchet Posayanonda</del>	"The intelligent man has a right over the ignorant; namely, the right of instructing them."
Jonathan Ragonese	"Life is not so short but there is always time for courtesy."
<del>Barbara Rapalje</del>	"Let us do or die."
<del>Martha Reilly</del>	"The best things come in small packages."
<del>Frances Restrick</del>	"A friend is, as it were, a second self."
<del>Ligia Reyes</del>	"O'tis not Spanish, but tis heaven she speaks!"
<del>Keith Richardson</del>	"Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep."
Evelyn Rightmire	"A thing well said will be wit in all languages."
<del>James Roach</del>	"Mankind are always happier for having been happy."
<del>Carol Roberts</del>	"There is nothing more beautiful than cheerfulness in a young face."
<del>Sharon Rothrock</del>	"Quiet persons are welcome everywhere."



~~Frances Roy~~

"Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much."

~~Frederick Rutan~~

"Nothing succeeds as well as success."

Sofia Sarkissian

"From little sparks may burst a mighty flame."

~~Tomoko Satonji~~

"Hope springs exultant on triumphant wings."

~~Russell Sawler~~

"For what I will, I will."

~~Jack Schmitt~~

"God loves those who are tall."

Rona Schmitt

"The fun grew fast and furious."

Bonnie Schneck

"The mildest manners and the gentlest heart."

~~Ardean Selke~~

"Like the surf that never ceases."

~~Michael Shahan~~

"Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no fibs."

Anita Schoff

"Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm."

Harold Siefkin

"Solitude is sometimes best society."

Carol Silva

"The one thing in the world of value is the active soul."

Satinder Singh

"Make use of time, let not advantage slip."

Stephen Small

"All our dignity lies in our thoughts."

David Smith

"The still small voice is wanted."

~~Douglas Smith~~

"Reading maketh the full man."

~~Lois Smith~~

"In ~~about~~ the same degree as you are helpful, you will be happy."

~~William Smith~~

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you."

~~Roger Snell~~

"There is music in all things."

~~Gary Sorensen~~

"Sweet sleep fell upon his eyelids, unwakeful, most pleasant."

~~Elaine Sorenson~~

"I would help others, out of fellow-feeling."

Paul Spetz

"A good and wise man lives a quiet life."





~~Elizabeth Squarey~~

"There is nothing at all in life except what we put there."

Joyce Stanley

"Conversation is feminine."

Linda Steele

"It is tranquil people who accomplish much."

Charles Stevens

"In quietness and confidence shall be your strength."

Wayne Stickney

"There was never a saint with red hair."

Glen Stover

"Joking and humor are pleasant."

James Sullivan

"Having wisdom with each studious year."

Bonnie Sybolt

"As good as gold."

Steven Ten Eyck

"There is no truer truth obtainable by man than comes of music."

Carol Thomas

"With a smile on her lips."

Bradley Thompson

"His limbs were cast in a manly mold for hardy sports or contest bold."

Sherry Thompson

"One of those happy souls which are the salt of the earth."

Sarah Thornton

"So precious life is!"

Joanna Trask

"Personality is to a woman that perfume is to a flower."

~~Karen Trumbull~~

"The very dust of whose writings is gold."

~~Lawrence Turcott~~

"Wit is so shining a quality that everybody admires it."

Eileen Turner

"A true friend is forever a friend."

Malcolm Vaughn

"Each man is justified in his individuality."

~~Marine Verrill~~

"Silence is true wisdom's best reply."

~~Gaston Vilaine~~

"Gentleman is written legibly on his brow."

~~Kathleen Volpe~~

"Women are beyond all doubt the mothers of all mischief."

Thomas Vorhaver

"Sweetest the strain when in the song the singer has been lost."

Sue Ellin Wade

"One of the attractive things about the flowers is their beautiful reserve."

1. The first thing I noticed when I stepped out of the plane was the fresh air. It felt like a new world was opening up to me. The sun was shining brightly, and the birds were singing. I felt a sense of freedom and adventure. I was going to explore a new part of the world, and I was excited to see what I would find. The landscape was beautiful, with rolling hills and a clear blue sky. I felt like I was in a dream. I was going to have a great time, and I was going to make some memories that I would never forget. I was going to have a great time, and I was going to make some memories that I would never forget.

2. The second thing I noticed was the friendly people. They were all smiling and welcoming. I felt like I was in a warm and cozy home. They were all so kind and helpful. I felt like I was in a family. I was going to have a great time, and I was going to make some memories that I would never forget. The food was delicious, and the music was beautiful. I felt like I was in a dream. I was going to have a great time, and I was going to make some memories that I would never forget. The people were all so kind and helpful. I felt like I was in a family. I was going to have a great time, and I was going to make some memories that I would never forget.

Gary Wallin

"One of these days is better than none of these days."

~~James Waterman~~

"To mourn a mischief that is past and gone, is the next way to draw new mischief on."

Nancy Watson

"Mind cannot follow it, nor words express her infinite sweetness."

~~Terrance Wayne~~

"One of the benefits of a college education is to show its little avail."

~~Penelope Webb~~

"The odor is the rose; the smile, the woman."

David Wensel

"The great end of life is action."

Larry Wetzell

"Believe that life is worth living, and your belief will help create the fact."

~~Bill Wheeler~~

"It is men who give history its color."

John White

"Wit makes its own welcome."

~~Richard White~~

"Be slow in choosing a friend, slower in changing."

~~Clark Whitman~~

"Better to be a rich poor man than a poor rich one."

Lois Whitney

"Silence is as full of potential wisdom and wit as the unhewn marble of great sculpture."

Paul Whittemore

"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." (Phil. 4:13)

~~Barbara Wilkinson~~

"There's nothing worth the wear of winning but laughter and the love of friends." ?

~~Gerald Williams~~

"A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere."

~~Kathalie Willis~~

"Forsake not an old friend."

~~David Witherow~~

"A great smile, a guitar, and a purpose."

Barbara Wolfrum

"There's not a place in earth or heaven without a woman in it."

Lawrence Yerdon

"The only gift is a portion of thyself."

~~Wanda Zeitler~~

"Love is a thing most nice."



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1. The first part of the paper is devoted to a review of the literature on the topic. It starts with a general overview of the field, followed by a more detailed discussion of the specific issues at hand. The second part of the paper presents the results of the study, which are then discussed in the third part. The final part of the paper concludes the study and provides some suggestions for future research.

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